

Eng. Poetry vol. II.



THE
Gentleman Commoner:
A
P O E M.





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GENTLEMAN
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By J. L. A. B.

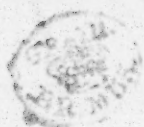
AUTHOR
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34



22



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Y young Esquire by Mamma sage
Is now esteem'd a Wit of Age,
A joyous Freedom gets from Books,
And Master Soure, who whips with

(Looks;
For

B

For *ALMA MATER* is equipt,

To which Old Dad and he frait tript,

With honest *Dick*, who for a Jest

In his whole Town is deem'd the best ;

Along he lugs on Vassal *Ball*

Of Cloaths and Books the De'il and all,

Tho' of the last, as most agree,

There is no great Necessity.

A Day or two spent on the Road,

And hight come safe both Beasts and Load ;

When

When Sir clean dress'd, and diz'ned out
 With Grandfire's Sword and Ring to boot,
 Wide gaping loundzes up and down
 To see, or rather eat the Town.

A Tutor soon is fought, to show
 Our eldest Hopes where Axioms grow,
 To make him learn'd in deep Dispute,
 And skill'd to prove a Man no Brute;
 Or else, to take which Side you please,
 And prove a Man a Brute with Ease.

But scarce his Worship bestrides Horse,
 And fleers to rural Seat his Course,
 But *Bob* has other Tutors got,
 Who learn him how to toss the Pot,
 Instruct my Master, young in Rules,
 About the Knowledge of the Schools,
 With Air and Art to play the Shat,
 And smartly cock illegal Hat;
 To know what Time and Season's fit
 A Toast to storm with Kifs or Wit;

How

How *Phillis*, coy to tatter'd Gown,

By long-Tail-Wigg and Pud is won.

And if he needs must mopish look

On rainy Day, or so on Book,

Why, are there not Romances good,

And easy to be understood?

In no Outlandish Language clad,

That's only fit to make Folks mad.

By these Instructions of the Wise

He learns all Learning to despise;

His

His Tutor's Bearded Wisdom shuns,
 And hates Philosophy like Duns;
 The *Otis* and *Διογ*is scorns,
 And sits at Lecture still on Thorns;
 Affects the yet unfinish'd Rake,
 And boasts he dares Old Statutes break.

At first tho' *Rawly* he begins,
 Goes on, retreats, and sneaking sins;
 For Warning Shame flies in his Face,
 And Checks prevent from Sparks of Grace;

Old

Old Mamma's Counsel too sticks close,
 and Dread proceeds from Penal Oaths,
 Till brisk Society and Ufe
 A better season'd Front produce.

No longer then he dreaming fits
 In common Room with coſtly Wits,
 Who ſpend whole Nights o'er College Ale,
 And murder Time in tedious Tale,
 But gayer Hours profuſely paſs,
 While Wine and Women crown the Glaſs;

In loose Discourse and wanton Chat
 He rambling prates of this and that,
 Says where and when *Miranda* loft
 Her you know what, — how much it cost,
 What is the Cause poor *Psyche*'s seen
 Of late so over-run with Spleen,
 Whose Wife, within a Street of *Tom*,
 Not long ago went reeling Home,
 'Till Midnight Stars begin to fall,
 And drowsy Drawers cry, Do ye call?

When

When loaded he adjourns to Bed,

But first he breaks the Porter's Head.

For let poor fresh Men cry, To pay?

And risque their Necks to run away

At the enormous Sound of bomb,

Left Proctor Bugbear frightful come,

He will not thus be kept in Awe,

For for his *Siste* cares a Straw.

His Study now must, like himself,

Be set out Beau on ev'ry Shelf;

'Twere most diverting to behold
 What worthless Authors *Bosh* in Gold,
 In how nice Order they are plac'd,
 With what expensive Glitt'ring grac'd!
 Here stands *Tom Burnet* sprucely dress'd,
 By *Chum* of equal Parts caress'd;
 There fam'd *Orlando* gay in Red
 O'er Scurril *Horneck* lifts his Head;
 The Works of *Scot's* immortal Pen
 Are all truck'd off for am'rous *Behn*;

While

While *South* and *Stillingfleet* make way

For trifling *Durfey*, and for *Gay*;

And learned *Grotius* leaves the Stall

For the Great *Amadis de Gaul*.

Such a Collection, who denies?

Must make a Man most strangely wise,

And send him Home in Two Years Time

Of Reason full as well as Rhime.

And Home he goes. But, by the way,

'Tis why? he dares no longer stay,

Infernal Scrolls flock in so fast,

And *Items* for Transgressions past.

And now what Joy invades Old Dad

To see Son *Bob* so fine a Lad!

How can he grudge his vast Expence,

When that's so well repay'd in Sense !

For who, unless a downright Chuff,

Wou'd e'er in such a Case take Snuff?

No, no, it is by no means fit,

But Money should be spar'd for Wit,

Since,

nce, as by learned Men 'tis guess'd,

That which is bought is always best,

Hence, Rural Vicar, don't presume

With *Oxford* Son to enter Room,

For he's so over-charg'd with Greek,

He'll put false Idioms to the Squeek,

Run all your Scraps and Sayings down,

And vilely Blue Old tatter'd Gown.

F I N I S.



